

The Reunion

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The Reunion

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

the pines brothers missed one another after 30 years

Anticipating the return of the Feds, Stan had bundled the kids up into the Stanmobile along with two tents and some canned meat, whilst Stanford packed up the journals, key research and equipment meant to measure the effects of the portal's opening on Gravity Falls.

Saying a hurried goodbye to Soos, the Pines had set off in a haze of angst and confusion, Stan vowing that questions would be answered when they got to the hide-away deep in the woods. Mabel seemed somewhat content in her decision of not closing the portal, if a little apprehensive about Dipper's coldness, as her brother had seemed bitter since leaving the Mystery Shack.

Stan sighed and returned his eyes to the darkening dirt path, casting a brief glance towards his own, unusually silent brother. After their reunion, which had involved only the barest of explanations to the kids, a hard hitting but well deserved punch to the stomach and an uncomfortable amount of brotherly hugging, Stanford had barely uttered a word to him.

Sighing again, Stan then cleared his throat,

"Alright kids, we're gonna park the car in this cave, it's a pretty good hiding spot but those Agents could still find it, so rough up the car's interior a bit, make it look like some kind of animal attack got us."

Stanford gave a humourless laugh, "You've faked one death, I'm sure you can fake another."

Dipper shot him a look that was part wounded, part disgusted, and Mabel pulled a face of uncharacteristic worry, she wanted no more conflict today. Stan agreed with the sentiment.

"Stanford, stop stirring the pot, get your bags and let's move out. We have another few miles to walk til we get to the clearing, the family feuds can wait."

Begrudgingly, the Pines began walking down the slope towards an old hide-out, Stanford up front, scouting, Stan in the middle, trying to keep up the pace, and the twins following their Grunkle cautiously. They still had many questions for Grunkle Stan and this new, mysterious relative, but it would clearly have to wait until morning. They were an hour away from their camp location, deep in the woods, and Mabel and Dipper were already beat.

After finally reaching the large ring of oak trees, the younger Pines collapsed into a worn-out heap, letting their elders make the fire and Pitch the tents, Mabel and Dipper's right next to the blaze, and Stanford and Stanley's pushing the edge of the circle. They chose this location for a reason; with the right spell, a circle of oak like this could turn into an impenetrable, yet invisible fortress. The older twins needed to maintain the circle by scaring off animal intruders and remarking the circle, hence why they were so detached from their Grandkids. Also they thought having a bit of space to talk would be good.

Once the equipment was all set up, and Stanford was determined that there'd be no disturbances in such isolated, windless conditions, the twins headed inside of their tent, forgoing the sleeping bags due to the summer heat, nightfall notwithstanding. Stanley fidgeted out of his trousers, averting his eyes as his brother did the same.

“Lee,” he heard Stanford call, the nickname he hadn’t heard in so long sending a brief chill through his body.

“Yeah?” Stan asked, turning around and letting out a shallow breath at the sight of his brother’s chest, new and old scars crisscrossing his muscles in a fashion both worrying and interesting.

Sure, back in their day they’d come across a number of creatures that left them with purpling bruises and deep cuts, but the sheer quantity of silvery lines that had accumulated over the last thirty years pained Stan.

“Lee.” Stan’s attention was brought to his brother’s weathered face, “Don’t worry about that.”

“Yeah, ok. I was just... ok. I just missed you is all.”

“I know Lee.”

The pair settled into an uncomfortable silence, making themselves comfortable on the blankets laid on the hard tent floor, before staring pensively up at the ceiling.

The silence stretched on until Stan felt his brother shift onto his side, and start to stare at his face, squished closely to his side by the size of his tent and his apparent lack of inhibitions.

Stan turned his head and matched his brother’s gaze, quirking an eyebrow at his proximity and intense stare.

“What?”

“You’re eyeballing me pretty hard there poindexter.”

“Oh.” Stanford shuffled awkwardly, “I guess I missed you too.”

Gulping, he continued, “In fact, I haven’t seen another human for about fourteen years.”

Stan’s old, tired brow creased further in surprise.

“You, uh, you wanna talk about that?”

There was a quick head shake in response, followed by a firm, yet tentative hand on Stan’s back, pulling him closer, so his face was nestled in his brother’s chest, Stanford nosing through his thick grey hair, holding him there for a good while.

“I missed you, Lee.”

Stan could hear his brother’s voice cracking up from emotion bubbling under the surface.

“I missed what we had.”

Stan's eyes shot open, the relationship the portal destroyed had been lingering in the back of his mind. He had thought Ford would have been over it by now, that they'd have grown out of it now. He felt a familiar hand trail down his spine, the palm coming to rest on his tailbone.

"Lee? Is this ok?"

Stanford lightly cupped his ass with that hand, the other tangled in his hair.

"Lee. Do you want this?" Stanford tugged on his brother's hair insistently.

Stan nodded his head, curled up in his brother's arms. Hearing a huff from above him, he felt both six fingered hands come to hold his face, drawing it up until they were face to face, Lee fixing intently on Ford's lips, and Ford just drinking Lee's flush expression in like an emaciated man stumbling into an oasis.

Lee made the first move, the sudden, claiming kiss of a man who'd waited for so long. Ford retaliated and turned the kiss ravenous, pulling on Lee's hair again and feeling his brother melt into the quickening rhythm of the kiss. It rapidly descended into a more frenzied, physical assault on one another, Lee attempting to straddle Ford, only to be pushed off and pinned to the floor.

Pulling back to draw their breath, the rugged old men became aware of the hardness in both of their underwear. Lee was somewhat embarrassed at his teen-like arousal, but Ford's eyes gleamed as he began to paw at Ford's package.

Covering his face with a hand, Lee arched his hips up obediently when Ford gestured for him to take his boxers off.

As the elastic slipped down, Lee's hard cock slapped against his stomach. He couldn't bring himself to look at Ford, self-conscious for the first time about his age and the bodily wear and tear that came along with it.

"Lee... you've got nothing to worry about." Ford whispered, bringing the hand covering his brother's face to his, linking fingers and pinning the hand above his head.

Something about that voice irked Lee. The hushed tone used to calm wild animals was being turned on him to stop him from being spooked.

"Urgh, what the hell happened to you Ford? I'm not a baby bird now, in my old age, what happened to the days when we would fuck hard? Sheesh, you never used to be afraid of being rough..."

Eyebrows smugly knitted together, Ford leaned into Lee and asked, "Is that what you want Lee? You want me to be rough?" grabbing his brother's hip with one hand, digging his thumb hard enough to bruise and then palming at his crotch while rubbing his hole.

Lee heaved a staggered breath and allowed his eyes to roll upwards.

"I- I- I left some protection and lube in m- my pack."

Stanford grinned, releasing his hold on his brother to roll on a condom and squeeze the lube onto his fingers.

“Spread for me.”

Lee complied, glancing eagerly at his brother as he kneeled down, one hand on his thigh as he began to gently coax a finger inside.

Stan huffed another sigh of content, much to his brother’s impish pleasure, as Ford started shallowly finger-fucking him.

Stanford rested his head on Lee’s shoulder, nipping with sucking kisses and sharp bites, now two fingers deep into his brother, their hard cocks rubbing on Stan’s soft belly.

“P-please, Ford, just fuck me already, it- it’s been too long, I-“

Stanley hoisted his brother’s legs onto his chest, slicking his own cock up one more time, before nudging at Stan’s asshole and watching his brother blush harder, sweeping the hair off his face and toying with his own dick.

“Please...”

With one hand on Lee’s hips and one wrapped around his legs, Ford slid into his brother, pulling him further onto his dick, bouncing his ass against his thighs as Stan cried out in utter need. Angling up to hit his prostate, Stan muffled a long groan by biting his forearm, sweat beading on his forehead as Ford increased the tempo.

“Ah- ah- ah- FORD!”

Stan’s short exclamations of desire shot through Ford like a lightning bolt, mixed with his brother’s tightness, Stanford quickly found himself panting from his animalistic arousal. The sight of Stanley, his Stanley, laid out in front of him, spurred him to fuck harder, grabbing his brother’s thick cock and jerking it in tandem with his thrusts.

“SHIT! FORD! I’m gonna-“

It took around thirty seconds for Stan to cum, his hips arching up as his brother teased the head with his thumb, fucking the tight coil of those thick fingers his voice broke into a deep moan and he spent himself all over his stomach.

The clenching of his ass from the orgasm prompted Ford to reach his peak, burying himself balls deep before an electric feeling sparked and he grunted as he came, falling boneless on top of his brother.

They lay in a post orgasmic haze for an immeasurable amount of time, before Stanford took the initiative the pull out, tie the condom and throw a towel in the direction of his sweaty, fucked-dumb brother.

With a thud, he fell into the mess of blankets, cocooning himself around Stan and bringing him to rest in his arms, a hand bracing his stomach.

“Hey, if we keep this up you might even lose that old man belly.”

“I’m murdering you in the morning.”

“It’s good to be back, brother.”

“Yeah, yeah, now go the fuck to sleep.”

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